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TO MAUD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been to our old trysting place,
Maud—

The seat 'neath the great chestnut tree;
And I fancied I saw your sweet face,

Maud—

The sweetest on earth once to me.

Then I dreamed all our younger life o'er,
Maud,

As if it had been of to-day;

And thought of the great love I bore,
Maud,

The idol I found to be clay.

As I sat 'neath that old chestnut tree,
Maud,

And gazed at the foliage above,
Each leaf brought remembrance of thee,

Maud,

And I yearned for our old, old love.

Do you ever think o'er the past times,
Maud—

Are they still in your memory now?
But perhaps your gay heart ill chimes,

Maud,

With thoughts of so sombre a hue.

Have you never once wished to recall,
Maud,

The choice that has set us apart?

He could offer you riches; but all, Maud,
I could boast, was a true, brave heart.

I have strives, in vain, to forget, Maud,
My idol that turned into clay;

For the image of you lingers yet, Maud,

And will not be driven away.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER THE SAME ROOF.

A crafty and worldly-wise cunning woman, like Mrs. North, can change her tactics as the wind changes its quarters. The avowal of Richard—that he was the true master of Dallory Hall, as far as holding all power, to act in his hands went—had been the greatest blow to her of any she had experienced in all these latter years. It struck, don't you see, the death-warrant of her power; for she knew that she should never be allowed to rule again with an unjust and iron hand, as it had been her cruel pleasure to do. In all essential things, where it was needful for him to interfere, she felt that Richard's will and Richard's policy would henceforth outway her own.

Madam sat in her dressing-room that night, looking into the future. Or, rather, striving to look. But it was very dim and misty. The sources whence she had drawn her large supplies were gone; the unlimited power was gone. Would it be worth while for her to remain at the Hall, she questioned, under the altered circumstances. Since the death of James Bohun, and her short sojourn with Sir Nash, an idea had occasionally crossed her mind that it might be desirable to take up her residence with the baron—if she could only scheme to accomplish it. From some cause or other, she had formerly not felt at ease when with Sir Nash; but that was wearing off. At any rate, a home in his well-appointed establishment would be far preferable to Dallory if its show and expense could not be kept up; and all considerations gave way before Madam's own self-interest.

Already Madam tasted of deposed power. Ellen Adair was to remain at the Hall, and as Richard had emphatically enjoined—to be made welcome. Madam shut her teeth and her hands fiercely as she thought of it. Ellen Adair—whom she so hated and dreaded! She lost herself in a speculation of what Richard might have done had she persisted in her refusal. Would he have taken up his power in the hearing of the servants, and said, "I am your true master; you must obey my decrees now, things must be according as I wish them?" Would he have said to Madam, "this is my house, and you must either fall in with my wishes, or—there's the door and you can walk out of it?" She had been too wise to provoke this; and had yielded an acquiescence, tacitly at any rate, to the stay of Ellen Adair.

But, as Madam sat there, thinking of this, thinking of that, a doubt slowly loomed into her mind, whether it might not, after all, be the best policy for Ellen Adair to be at the Hall. The dread that Arthur Bohun might possibly renew his wish to marry her, in spite of all that had been said and done, lay occasionally on Madam. In fact it had never left her. She could not make a child of Arthur and keep him at her apron-string; he was free to go hither and thither at will; and, no matter in what spot of the habitable globe Ellen might be located, there was no earthly power that could stop his going to her if he wished it. Why then, surely it was safer and better that the girl should be under her own eye, always in her own, imme-

diately presence. Madam laughed a little as she rose from her madding; she could have found in her heart to thank Richard North for bringing this about.

And so, with the morning, Madam was quite prepared to be gracious to Ellen Adair. Madam was one of those accommodating people who are ready, as we are told, to hold a candle to a certain nameless personage, if they think their interest may be served by doing it. Matilda North, who knew nothing whatever of Madam's special reasons for disliking Miss Adair—save that she had heard her mother once scornfully speak of her as a low, nameless young woman, a nobody—was coldly civil to her on Richard's introduction. But the sweet face, the gentle voice, the superior manners won even on her; and when the morning came Matilda felt rather glad that the present monotony of the Hall was relieved by such an inmate, and asked her all about the death of Mrs. Cumberland.

And thus Ellen Adair was located at Dallory Hall. But Mrs. North had not gained for a crust peripherity that was to fall upon her ere the day was over; no less than the return to it of Captain Bohun.

It had been mentioned that Sir Nash was ailing. In Madam's new scheme, undefined and incomplete though it was at present—that of possibly taking up her residence in his house—she had judged it well to inaugurate it by trying to ingratiate herself into his favor so far as she knew how. She would have liked to make herself necessary to him. Madam had heard a hint breached of his going over to certain springs in Germany, and, as she knew she should never get taken with him there, though Arthur might, she just schemed a little to keep him in England. During the succeeding days of her stay with him, Sir Nash had been overwhelmed with persuasions that he should come down to Dallory Hall and get up his health there. To hear Madam talk, never had so sublimer a spot been discovered on the earth's surface, as Dallory; its water was pure, its air a species of tonic in itself; for rare calmness; for simple delights, it possessed attractions never before realized save in dreams. Sir Nash, in answer to all this, had given the least hope of trying his virtue; and Madam had finally departed believing Dallory would never see him.

But on this morning, the one after Ellen Adair's arrival, Madam, amidst other letters, got one addressed to her in her son Arthur's handwriting. According to her frequent habit of late—though why she had fallen into it she could not herself have told—she let her letters lie, unlooked at, until very late in the morning; just before luncheon, she opened them; Arthur's last; she never cared to hear from him. And then Madam opened her eyes as well as the letter. She read that Sir Nash had come to a sudden resolution to accept her proffered hospitality for a short time; and that he and Arthur would be with her that very day. Now, at this very moment of reading, they were absolutely on their road to Dallory Hall.

Madam sat staring. Could she stop it, was her first thought. It was very undesirable that they should come. Ellen Adair was there; and after this new and startling revelation of Richard's, Madam was not quite sure that she might continue to crowd the house with guests at will. But there was no help for it; ransack her fertile brain as she would, and did, there seemed no possible chance of preventing the travellers' arrival. Had she known where a message would reach them, she might have telegraphed that the Hall was burning, or else have had broken out in it.

Mr. North was not the first who has had to make the best of an unlucky combination of circumstances. She gave orders amidst her servants to prepare for the reception of the guests; and descended to the luncheon table with a smooth face, saying there not a word. Richard was out, or she might have told him: he was so busy over the re-opening of those works of his, that he was only at home now night and morning.

It happened, however, that on this day he had occasion to come home for some deed of agreement that lay in his desk.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—a shivery one—and Richard North was approaching the gates of the Hall with the long swinging step of a man of business, when he saw some one approach them more leisurely from the other side. It was Mary Dallory. He did not know she had come back; and his face had certainly a flush of surprise on it, as he lifted his hat to greet her.

"I got home yesterday evening," she said, smiling. "Forced to it. Dear old Frank wrote the most woe-begone letters imaginable, saying he could not get on without me."

"Did you come from Sir Nash Bohun's?" asked Richard.

"Sir Nash Bohun's! No. What put that in your head? I was at Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days some ages ago—weeks, at any rate, as it seems to me—but not lately. I have been with my aunt in South Audley street."

"London must be lively at this time," remarked Richard rather sardonically; as if, like Francis Dallory, he resented her having stayed there.

"Very. It is; for the tourists and people

have all come back to it. I suppose you'd have liked me to stay here and catch the fever. Very kind of you! I was going in to see your father."



GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH CAUGHT NEAR TENERIFFE.

The French steam-corvette Alceste was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calamari, not less than fifty feet long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms, covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part, the head terminating in many arms of enormous size, the other extremely terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins of great size, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds; the flesh was soft, glutinous, and of reddish-brick color.

The commander, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its thick and glutinous mass without causing any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with foam and blood, and, singular thing, a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. This musk odor is peculiar to many of the Cephalopoda.

The musket-shots not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster.

He glanced at her with a half-smile and held out his arm after passing the gates.

"I am not sure that I shall take it. You have been very rude, Mr. Richard."

Richard dropped it at once, begging her pardon. His air was that of a man who has received a disagreeable check. But Miss Dallory had been joking only; she glanced up at him, and a hot flush of vexation overspread her face. Richard held it out once more, and they began talking as they went along. Some drops were beginning to fall, and he put up his umbrella.

He told her of Mrs. Cumberland's death. She had not heard of it, and expressed her sorrow, of course. But she had had no acquaintance to have seen her more than once, and that was three years ago; and the subject passed.

"I bear you have begun business again," she said.

"Well—I might answer you as Green, my old time-keeper, answered me to-day. I happened to say to him, 'We have begun once more, Green.' 'Yes, in a sort, sir,' said he, gruffly. 'I have begun in a sort,' Miss Dallory."

"And what kind of 'sort' is it?"

"In just as cautious and quiet a way as

it is well possible for a poor man to begin," answered Richard. "I have no capital, as you must be aware; or, at least, as good as none."

"I dare say you could get enough of that if you wanted it. Some of your friends have plenty of it, Mr. Richard."

"I know that. Mrs. Gass quarrels with me every day, because I will not take her, and run the risk of making tricks and drakes of it. No. I prefer to feel my way, alone; to stand or fall by myself, Miss Dallory."

"I have heard Richard North called obstinate," remarked the young lady, looking into the damp sir.

"When he believes he is right. I don't think it is a bad quality, Miss Dallory. My dear sister Bessy used to say—"

"Oh, Bessy! what about her—what of Bessy?" interrupted Mary Dallory, all ceremony thrown to the winds at the mention of the name. "I never was so painfully shocked in all my life as when I opened Frank's letter telling me she was dead. What could have killed her?"

"It was the fever, you know," answered Richard, sadly. "I never shall forget what I felt when I heard it. I was in Belgium."

"It seemed very strange that she should die so quickly."

"It seems strange to me still. I have not cared to talk about her since; she was my only sister and very dear to me. Rane says it was a most violent attack; and I suppose she succumbed to it quickly, without much struggle."

"That poor little Clisy Ketlar is gone, too."

"Yes? Is Kettler one of the few men who have gone back to work?"

"Oh dear, no."

"Do you know I should like to shake those men until they came to their senses?"

The rain had ceased; but they were walking on, unconscious of it, under the umbrella. By-and-by the rain was discovered, and the umbrella put down.

"Why not?" exclaimed Richard. "Visit me for Madam," I suppose.

Richard alluded to the sound of marriage which behind. He and Miss Dallory had certainly not walked as though they were winning a wager, but they were close to the house now; and missed its door simultaneously with the marriage. Richard stood in very amazement, while he saw his wife Arthur Bohun, thin and hollow, and Sir Nash.

There was a hasty greeting, a welcome, and then they all entered together. Madam, Matilda, and Miss Adair sat in the drawing-room. Arthur came in side by side with Miss Dallory; he was holding her hand; they were walking together, and a slight flush illumined his thin face. Miss Dallory stood silent; she remained in the background; she would not press forward; but a general change of position brought her and Arthur close to each other; and she held out her hand timidly, with a very black.

He turned white to death. He staggered back as though he had seen a spectre. Just for a minute he was utterly unmoved; and then, some sort of presence of mind returning to him, he looked another way without further notice, and began talking again with Miss Dallory.

But Miss Dallory had no longer leisure to waste on him. She had caught sight of Ellen, whom she had never seen, and was wonderfully struck. Never in her whole life had she seen a face so sweetly lovely.

"Mr. Bohun!"—touching his arm, as he stood by Arthur Bohun, and the young lady had to stretch before Arthur to get to it—"who is that young lady?"

"Ellen Adair."

"Is that Ellen Adair! Oh what a sweet face it is! I never saw one so lovely. Do take me to her, Mr. Richard."

Richard introduced them. Arthur Bohun, his bosom bursting with shame and pain, turned to the window; a sick faintness was stealing over him; he was very weak yet. How he loved her!—how he loved her! More; ay, ten times more, as it seemed to him, than of yore. And yet, he must only treat her with coldness; worse than if she and he were strangers. What untoward mystery could have brought her to Dallory Hall? He stole away, on the plea of looking for Mr. North. Madam, who had all her eyes shut her and had been using them, followed him out.

There was a hasty colloquy. He asked why Miss Adair was there. Madam replied by telling (for once in her life) the pure truth. She favored him with a short history of the previous night's events that had culminated in Richard's assumption of will. The girl was there, as he saw, concluded Madam, and she could not help it.

"Did Mrs. Cumberland reveal to her before she died what you told me about—about her father?" inquired Arthur, from between his dry and feverish and trembling lips.

"I have no means of knowing. I should not, for the girl betrays no consciousness of it in her manner. Listen, Arthur," added Madam, impressively laying her hand on his arm. "It is unfortunate that you are subjected to be in the same house with her; but I cannot, you perceive, send her from it. All you have to do is to avoid her; never allow yourself to speak to her; never be for a moment alone with her. You will be safe then."

"Yes, it will be the only way," he mechanically answered, as he quitted Madam, and went on.

Meanwhile Ellen Adair little thought what cruelty was in store for her. Shocked though she had been at the first moment by Arthur Bohun's apparent non-recognition, it was so improbable a rudeness for him to be capable of, in his almost ultra-native courtesy, even to a stranger, that she soon decided he had purposely not greeted her until they should be alone, or else had really not recognized her.

In crossing the hall an hour later, Ellen met him face to face. He was coming out of Mr. North's parlor; she was passing it towards a door that led to the grounds at the back. No one was about; they were quite alone.

"Arthur," she softly said, smiling at him and putting out her hand.

He lifted his hat, which he happened to be wearing, baring some straight in through the glass doors, and politely murmured some mechanical words that sounded like "I beg your pardon, Miss Adair." And then he turned short round, and traversed the room back to the garden, putting on his hat again.

It seemed to her as though she had received her death-blow. There could no longer be any doubt or misapprehension after this, as to what the future was to be. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart and set it beating: the feeling was one akin to terror. Ellen Adair crept into the drawing-room, empty then, and leaned her aching brow against the window frame.

Presently Matilda North entered. The young lady had her ins and outs of curiosity the same as her mother, and fancied some

great night was to be seen. She increased her speed.

"What are you looking at, Miss Adair?"

"Nothing," answered Ellen, lifting her head—*as in truth she had not been looking out at all.*

"Ah, I see," significantly spoke Miss North.

Walking slowly side by side along a distant path, went Captain Bobus and Miss Dallyor. Matilda, resting on a bank from Madam, would not let up the opportunity.

"Captain Bobus is having no time, is he?"

"In what way?" inquired Ellen.

"Don't you know that they are engaged? He is to marry Miss Dallyor. We had all kinds of love passage, I assure you, when he was ill at my uncle's, and she was there helping me to nurse him."

"And they—so you say they are engaged?" murmured poor Ellen.

"Of course. It will be a love match too, for he is very fond of her—and she of him. I think Richard was once a little bit gone in that quarter; but Arthur has put him out. Sir Nash is so pleased at Arthur's choice; so is Madam; they are both very fond of Mary Dallyor."

And that all-but completed ceremony only a few weeks back in the church at Easton—and the ring and diamond she had in store still!—in the deep, deep love they had vowed to each other, and vowed to maintain forever—what did it all mean? Ellen Adair asked the question of herself in her agony. And as her heart returned the common-sense answer—foibles; naughtlessness—she felt as if a great sea of life were soaring away hope and peace and happiness. The iron had entered into her soul.

CHAPTER XXXIV. IN THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

It was a curious position, that of some of the present inmates of Dallyor Hall. Sir Nash Bobus, who went down to accompany Arthur more than anything else, and who had not intended to remain above a day or two, stayed on. The quiet life after the bustle of London was grateful to him; the sweet country air really seemed to possess some of the salubrious properties his own had ascribed to it. He liked to sit amidst Mr. North's flower beds—that is to say, where the flowers had been; for it was getting too near winter for many to be seen now. He liked to watch the falling of the leaves from the dying trees; dying until the early spring should come round and renew their vitality. Sir Nash was about to go abroad a long, long way when that genial spring time should set in and try the effect of some medicinal waters that bear the reputation of renewing failing strength. Until then he was grateful for a change, any society that served to pass the time.

Sir Nash had been as much struck by the exceeding beauty of Ellen Adair as strange mostly were. That she was a very sweet girl, one of those who seem made to be specially loved, he could but see. In the bustle of their first arrival, he had not noticed her; there were so many besides her to be greeted; and Miss Dallyor amidst them, whose appearance was entirely unexpected and consequently a surprise. Not until they were assembling for dinner, did Sir Nash observe her. His eyes suddenly rested on a most beautiful girl in a simple black-silk evening dress, its low body and sleeves a god with white tulle, and a black necklace on her pretty neck. He was wondering who she was when he heard Richard North speak of her as Ellen Adair. Sir Nash drew Arthur Bobus to the far end of the drawing-room, ostensibly to look at one of Turner's pictures.

"Arthur, who is she? It cannot be his daughter!" Adair?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Macy be good to her!" cried Sir Nash in his compassionate dismay. "What an awful calamity. She looks entirely charming in herself; fit to mate with prince of the blood-royal."

"And so she is."

"To have been born to a blighted name, an inheritance of ignominy!" continued Sir Nash. "Poor thing, poor thing! Does she know about it?"

"No, I am sure she does not," replied Arthur warmly, his tone one of intense pain. "She believes her father to be as honorable and good as any."

For the very fact of Ellen's having put out her hand to him in the hall with that bright and cordial smile, had convinced Arthur Bobus that at present she knew nothing.

It made his own position all the worse, for to his behaviour must appear simply infamous. Yet, how tell her?—what kind of excuse make? Here they were, located in the same house; and yet they could only be to each other as formal strangers. An explanation was due to Ellen Adair, but from the very nature of the subject, he could not give it. If he had possessed the slightest notion that she was putting it down to a wrong cause—to an engagement with Miss Dallyor—he would at least have set that right. But who was likely to tell him? No one. Madam and Matilda, by her very sure, would not; still less Ellen herself. And so the complication would, and must go on, just as unhappy complications do sometimes go on. But there is this much to be said—that the setting straight the only point that might have been set straight, would not have made any difference in the balance between two who had been hopelessly separated.

And Sir Nash Bobus never once brought himself to enter on any sort of intercourse with Ellen Adair. He would not have chosen, had he known it beforehand, to take up his abode under the same roof with one whose father had played a fatal part with his long-ago dead brother; it had been controlled by circumstances. In herself, the young lady was absolutely—nay, so deserving of respect and homage—that Sir Nash was won out of his pre-ordained coldness, and he would smile pleasantly upon her when paying the slight, unavowable courtesy of every-day life. But he never lingered near her; he never entered on prolonged conversation; a bow or two, and good morning and good night, composed their acquaintance. He got to say her; almost to love her, and he believed the feelings at least once a day in private by sending amaryllis flowers after the mass, William Adair, for lighting the name held by this fair and sweet young lady.

It was not a very sensible party, take it on the whole. Sir Nash had a sitting-room assigned him, and stayed much in it; his wife for his son was not over, and perhaps never would be. Mr. North was often sent up in his parlor, or walking with bent head amid the garden paths. Madam kept great store, nobody knew where; Matilda was buried in her novel, French and English, or chattering some where alone to Madam's French maid. Richard was at the works all day. Ellen Adair, feeling herself a kind of inter-

loper, stayed in her chamber, or went to remote parts of the garden and sat there in solitude. As to Arthur Bobus, he was an invalid still, weak and ill, and would often not be seen until Jackson or dinner-time. There was a general meeting at noon, and a suitable evening after it.

Matilda had not allowed visitors to take their course without a preliminary word from herself. On the day after Sir Nash and Arthur arrived, she came, off notice and uninvited, knocking at the door of Ellen's chamber. She found that young lady looking bitter—she—who stammered out, as she wiped them away and strove for composure, some execs about fretting so greatly the sudden death of Mrs. Cumberland. Madam was gracious, considerate, as she could be when she pleased. She paid some account on her own white handkerchief, and held it to Miss Adair's nose. Ellen thanked her, and gave it back again, and snatched her hair back with her hand and dried her tears, and rose up out of the emotion as a thing of the past.

"I am sorry it should have happened that Sir Nash chose this time to come," spoke Madam; "you might just now have preferred to be alone with us. Captain Bobus is still so very well that Sir Nash says he could not bring him."

"Yes," mechanically replied Ellen, really not knowing what part it was she assumed to.

"And Arthur—of course he was anxious to come; he knew Mary Dallyor would be back," went on Madam with candor, like a woman without rules. "We are all delighted at the prospect of his marrying her. Before he was heir to the baronetcy it of course did not so much matter how he married, provided it were a gentlewoman of family fit to consort with the Bohans. But now that he has come into the inheritance through poor James a dead, things have changed. Did you know that Sir Nash has cut off the entail?" abruptly broke off Madam.

Ellen thought she did. The fact was, Arthur had told Mrs. Cumberland of it at Easton; but Ellen did not understand much about entails, so the master had passed from her mind.

"The cutting off of the entail has placed Arthur entirely in his wife's hands," continued Madam. "If Arthur were to offend her, Sir Nash might not leave him a breathing place. It is fortunate for all of us that Mary Dallyor is so charming. Sir Nash is almost as proud of her as Arthur, and she is a great heiress, you know; she must have as the very least three or four thousand a year. Some people say it's more; the majority of the Dallyor children were as long."

"It is a great deal," murmured Ellen.

"Yes. But it will be very acceptable, I'm sure, by the way affairs seem to be going on with Mr. North and Richard; it looks as though Arthur would have us all on his hands. It has been a great happiness to us, in choosing Miss Dallyor for his wife. I don't believe he thought much of her before his illness. She was staying with us in town during that time, and so—and so the love grew, and Arthur made up his mind. He had the good sense to see the responsibility that James Bobus's death left on him, to make a suitable and proper choice."

Ellen had learnt a lesson early in self-control, and maintained her calmness now. She did not know Madam (except by reputation) quite as well as some people did, and was taken to believe she spoke in all sincerity.

One thing she could not decide—whether Madam had known of the projected marriage at Easton, or not. She felt inclined to fancy that she had not, and Ellen hoped it with all her whole heart. Madam lingered on yet to say a few more words. She drew an off-hand picture of the solace, the joy, the consolation this projected union of her son with Mary Dallyor brought to her, to her mother, and—as if she were addressing an imaginary audience in the ceiling—turned up her eyes and clasped her hand, and declared she must put it to the honest and good feeling of the world in general never to attempt anything by word or deed, that might tend to mar this blessed state of things. With that she kissed Ellen Adair, and said, now that she had apologized for their not being quite alone at the Hall, and explained how it happened that Sir Nash came, she would have her to dress.

"It was of Beasy I spoke."

"Oh—I thought you meant Mrs. Cumberland. Her coat has made so much difference to me, that—that—I suppose my mind runs on her. This is the first time I have been here."

Both of them were agitated to pain; both could fain have pressed their hearts tightly to still the tritonal beating there.

"Ellen, I should like to say a word to you," he suddenly exclaimed, turning his face to her for a moment, and then turning it aside again. "I am aware that nothing can excuse the deep shame of my conduct in not having attempted any explanation. To you I cannot attempt it. I should have given it to Mrs. Cumberland if she had not died."

Ellen made no answer. Her handkerchief lay in her hand, and she looked down upon it.

"The subject was so intensely painful and awkward—that at first I did not think I could have mentioned it even to Mrs. Cumberland. Then came my illness. After that, while I lay day after day, left to my own reflections, things began to present themselves in rather a different light; and I saw that to maintain my silence would be the most wretched shame of all. I resolved to disclose everything to Mrs. Cumberland: and leave her to repeat it to you if she thought fit—at least as much of it as would give you the clue to the cause of my strange and apparently un-justifiable conduct."

Ellen's fingers were palming at the hem of her handkerchief, this way and that. She did not speak.

"Mrs. Cumberland's death, I say, prevented this," continued Captain Bobus, who had gathered somewhat of courage now the matter was opened, and stood fully turned to her, leaning both hands on his sides:

"and I have felt since it is a difficult dilemma, from which I see no escape. To you I cannot offer an explanation: nor yet am I able to tell you why I cannot. The subject is altogether so very painful."

Ellen lifted her hand suddenly to speak.

"Her eyes were red and watery. The movement caused him to pause.

"I know what it is," she managed to say between her white and trembling lips.

"You—know—it?"

"Yes. All."

For the misapprehensions of this world! He was thinking only of the strange discourse made to him concerning Mr. Adair; the only of his engagement to Miss Dallyor. His several all kinds of thoughts came rushing through his brain. Adair! she knew it all!

really do this same day, last passion and nature should become too strong for prudence and conventionalities, made him then hereto seem to behave, as Ellen thought it dangerous. He knew it himself; no called himself for more susceptible than Ellen could call him; a coward, a lover, a miserly dabbled man. And so this—the way things went on at Dallyor Hall, and were likely to go on.

One afternoon, a few days after Mrs. Cumberland was buried, Ellen went to see Mr. Madam, Miss Dallyor, Matilda and Sir Nash had gone out driving. Arthur had been away somewhere since the morning. Mr. Madam was over the garden bed with his head gardener. There was only Ellen; she was alone and lonely, and she put her black valise on and walked through Dallyor to the church-yard. It happened that she met three or four people there, and she stayed to talk with them. Mrs. Gage was one; the widow of Henry Hopkins was another. But she got on at last, feeling a little shy at being seen abroad alone. In walking so far as Dallyor Hall, Madam had always caused a servant to attend her.

The grave had been made not far from Sir Henry's. Ellen had no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other, though as yet there was no stone to mark either.

Mrs. Cumberland's was near that of the late Thomas Gage; Beasy's was close to Edmund North's. A great winter tree, an evergreen, overshadowed this corner of the church-yard, and she sat down on the bench that went round its trunk. Beasy's grave was almost at her feet; two yards or so away.

She leaned her face on her hand, and was still. The past, the present, the future; Mr. Cumberland, Beasy, Gage, Edmund North; her own sister trouble, and other things all seemed to be struggling together simultaneously in her brain. But, as she sat on, the tumult cleared itself a little, and she lost herself in imagination. Could these of us who were watching her?—it must be her own mother, Mary Adair. Could these guardian angels pray for them?—interested with the mighty God and the Saviour that their sins might be blotted out? How long Ellen gave to these thoughts she never knew, but she wound up with crying to herself, and she wondered how long it would be before she joined them all in heaven.

Somebody approaching from the back of the tree, came round with a low step and sat down on the bench. It was a gentleman in

dark clothes; he could see that much, though he was nearly on the other side of the tree's trunk and so had his back to her. Ellen found she had not been observed and prepared to leave. It had grown dark in the twilight of the dull evening. As she stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had fallen, the gentleman turned and saw her; saw, as well, the tears on her face. It was

Captain Bobus. The pain and the humiliation were strong and sharp now; now as she sat.

By-and-by there stole again into her mind

the thoughts which Captain Bobus's appearance had interrupted—the Heavenly place of Rest to which Beasy and Mrs. Cumberland had past. Insensibly it soothed her; and imagination went roving away unchoked. She seemed to see the white robes of the Redeemer: she saw the golden harps in their hands, and the soft, sweet light around them, and the love and peace. The thoughts served to show her how poor and worthless, as compared with the joys of that Better Land, were the trials and pains of this world; how short a moment, even at the longest, they had to be endured; how quickly and surely all here must pass away. Yes, she might endure with patience for the time! And when she lifted her head, it was to break into a flood of violent and yet soothing tears, that she could not have shed before.

"Father in Heaven, Thou sees all my trouble and my agony. I have no one in the world to turn to for shelter—and the blast is strong. Vouchsafe to guide and cover me!"

But it was close upon night. With a wet handkerchief and eyes still streaming, she rose to make her way out of the church-yard. In a sheltered nook that she passed round, she could see that much, though he was nearly on the other side of the tree's trunk and so had his back to her. Ellen found she had not been observed and prepared to leave. It had grown dark in the twilight of the dull evening. As she stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had fallen, the gentleman turned and saw her; saw, as well, the tears on her face. It was

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TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: Every New Subscriber for Next Year, (all of 1871), whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for October (beginning October 8th), November and December without Charge.

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novellet of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY, BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE Post of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE Post to exert themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive THIRTEEN papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or FIFTEEN MONTHS in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50.
2 copies, \$4.00
4 " 6.00
5 " (and one extra) 8.00
8 " (and one extra) 12.00
11 " (and one extra) 16.00
14 " (and one extra) 20.00

One copy of THE Post and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "**The Sisters,**" (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE Post, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full), in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend. TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

ONE FOLD.

BY MARY SIDNEY CHANSTON.

And so the battle is nearly done—
And the shield will be laid away,
For the golden boughs of the evening sun
Shine o'er the meadow gray,
Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife;

The end, just a myrtle crown,
Two boughs of green, with a cross between,
Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear
With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke, when your smile awoke,

And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the path at last
Gave soft to our aching feet.

One love, one house, one heaven before,
One fold in heart and life,
And the old love still will last us through
To the journey's end, sweet wife.
And reaching on, when this life is done,

It will live, and thrive, and grow,
With a double flame and a deeper name,
Than our mortal loves can know.

The way's guides upon life's broad track,
How oft have we read through tears!
We've traced the lesson with whitened lips,
When we could not pray for fears!

Some lie so small, and some so tall,
But all are green at last,
We hold them children, in our hearts,
And keep them close and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to Him whose love
Can never be blind or wrong!

When we turn back, look o'er the track,
And a wave of greeting send,
The paths lie wide, and the way beside,
But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days or years,
We journey on the way,
And is the West an amber light
Proclaims a dying day.

And what, though life is out, sweet wife,
And its signal fire burns low?

For a glory white, against the night,
Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Fat and Thin People.

[The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Dio Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published:]

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortable fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankees are a gaunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortable fat people—waddling wheezy, and go-up-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, panting, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, "obeity," and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I a sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the streets, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump myself down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?"

"Has your husband a horse?" [I already knew he had several.]

"Oh, yes; why you know he keeps a stable full."

"Do they ever get fat?"

"Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps his horses, I hear about nothing else the year round, but \$2.40, 2.31, and that they are too fat, and that they are out of condition, and all the rest of it; you know the phrase."

"When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?"

"Oh, yes; very easily."

"How does he do it?"

"Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise."

"Madam, all I have to say is, 'Go there and do likewise.'"

"What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten won't keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time."

"Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition."

"Well, how little should I eat?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much."

"To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful. In a week or two you will be surprised to find how the wish for water has disappeared. If you can learn to get on with one tumblerful of water, or other drink per day, this fat, shaky condition will at once begin to disappear."

"But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks."

"If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person under fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year."

"Doctor, what do you think of Banting's system?"

"I think just this. If people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although care to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We cannot use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will show itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show, when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going well; and besides, this expedient, which Banting advises, of living on meat is entirely unnecessary. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply seduce the system."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person who is fat will only experience a sense of lassitude and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh, to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, cutting short the two great conditions of health, viz., respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is injurious to longevity."

"Another word or two about drinks. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body is water, (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds,) you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than it needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health."

"Madam, before you leave, I want to say one other thing; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fatigues. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old look comes from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overhears, she says:

"Doctor, what can be done for these dry bones? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty, (which she desires me to understand is her age) here I am looking like an old grandmother. Can anything be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and these scrawny collar-bones?"

"Well, this is curious; a woman just the opposite condition has this moment left here. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time."

"I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton."

"Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about eleven, or half-past eleven."

"This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at eleven, or half-past eleven, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful person, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this fagged and old look. Go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and, if possible, to take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological principle. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed; sleep nine, if possible, ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as ever your lover could wish you to be."

"My prescription for the fat lady was, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

"My prescription for you is, keep your eyes shut and your mouth open."

A Queer Freak of Conscience.

A gentleman recently had a valuable horse troubled with lameness. Wishing for some remedy with which to bathe the leg, he stepped into a well-known drug shop, not far from his stable, and called for some of the acoholic liniment, stating the use he wished to make of it. The proprietor of the store knew the great value of the horse, and the importance of its being supplied with a pure article; so he hesitated about filling the order.

"Well, I declare," said he, "I do declare, I do believe I haven't got any that is good enough."

"Wasn't this a queer freak of conscience? He had plenty that would do for human stomachs, but none quite good enough for a horse's leg!"

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a nest in the apple tree,

A most delightful and cozy nook;

And one afternoon, about half-past three,

Kitty sat there reading a book;

Her fair head bent with no hat to mar,

And her dress just showing one dainty boot;

And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,

And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,

"Won't you come up and sit here, now?"

And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,

Saw, and determined to raise a row;

So he crept softly under the tree,

Listening to all they had to say,

Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,

Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,

Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"

And she called him the greatest scamp in town,

Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,

<p

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beach tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows fitting
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair!

Oh, the charm that in your face is
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embrace.
Monarch's guardian were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare;
In your ever-changing smile kid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Diana's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:

Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her.
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair!

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindless lightens,
While the cheek's rich color brightens,
What would I not dare?

To improve their scarlet splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bew the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the loves that thou hast broken
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they beoken,
I have loved, I swear,

Only then since I have seen thee;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

How I Went to Edit the
"CASTLETON EAGLE."

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted an experienced editor of Liberal views to conduct a journal in the provinces."

Such was the announcement that struck my eyes as I glanced on the front page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and thought this post would just suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with the reviews and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I doubt if the place will suit you; the salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no farther when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are, from your agency in the master?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The Castleton Eagle—the name rather tickled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the deal of the Eagle was offered.

"You can write," I said, as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like; but, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better simply state that I believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after this I had taken my seat in the "Wild Irishman" train, from Euston terminus, bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boyish delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distracted state with their luggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a surly and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they had put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shoved far back under a seat, when the surly porter condescended to search for it. One of the ladies while directing the man had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and to wrap her in the shawl; "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage."

"I am glad of that, for my companion's sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill—there is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour?"

"Oh, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful dawn it was, flashing over the far edge of the green waves—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I ought rather to say I had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me, and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland.

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman."

"Indeed! it was a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How odd it would turn out if she were a widow and you were to marry her! There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland, Irish ladies, I understand."

A little nod of the head, half-sarcastic and half-coquettish, warded me off the blunder I was about to make.

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologize for the tone in which I had spoken. She took my explanation in the best good-humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I cast at this moment call to mind the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea, the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance, the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, and sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and seeming to dissolve in it to the size of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay draws nigh, and one by one the passengers appear.

"I think I had better say good-bye to you now."

And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I understood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Staunton, Mountjoy-square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

CHAPTER II.

Late the next night I arrived at the Castleton Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on a stage-coach. My first impressions of Castleton were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Boswell told him "Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a garrulous waiter, I found my way to a river which promised capital angling. On returning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the *Castleton Eagle*, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and infatuations.

"Have I an *Eagle*, is it? Be gosh I have, had look to them for *Eagles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork, thin?" replied the fellow, with that sort of indescribable grin which comes over an Irishman's face when he is enjoying the forte of a joke; "they calls the *Eagle* the *Goose*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited association up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repast, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentleman whom I was to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take in me cawd," I heard a deep voice growl from the hall outside the coffee-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, *Castleton Eagle*.

I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the *Eagle*; and as the door opened, a very tall, powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sporting costume, and with a brace of red setters at his heel, stood before me.

"How d'y'e do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien, heartily, and with an honest ring in his voice that took my fancy at once. "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The *Eagle*, I learned, was the sole property of Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid Mr. O'Brien called them "leaders") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who "did" the potty sessions, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticism as arose out of the occasional visit of a travelling theatrical company, or a concert of Castleton amateurs.

"Mrs. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but little of her. We're both to dine there-to-day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was, that he was a clever, idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mrs. Brady resided outside the town, which contained, I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn leading down to the river. As we were walking up to the house, Mr. O'Brien (who wore a string of artificial flies round his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four-pound trout on the grass quite close to us.

Mrs. Brady was picking some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Staunton. I trust we can make you stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke without a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast, Mr. O'Brien intimated that a boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and "my rod too," the editor continued. "I thought you wouldn't mind me making a few casts in the garden," this half-apologetically to Mrs. Brady.

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, Mr. Staunton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" called aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"I think I may tell you, Mr. Staunton,

although the reason is rather of a private nature, I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is not present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, with whom, in a business way, I have no particular faults to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his 'Poet's Corner.' When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and as good-humoredly, that we remain, as you perceive, on the friendliest terms."

"Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the *Eagle*?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think is rather glad than otherwise at being released from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Staunton, there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school graces.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could not prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would show both Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the *Eagle* into hand. Our politics were rather parochial than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to warn France, or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Asia. Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develop the mining resources of Castleton, had to be looked after; so had Mr. Dierail, and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed as "Ouvrier." By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget a scene at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. There was a hard, cold, inexorable tone in her voice, and a contempt in it that stung me to the quick. I was ready to leave at once, but—

"You have broken your promise, Mr. Staunton; I permitted your visits here, trusting to it. The sooner you visit the better. I think I can manage to reconcile my daughter to the loss she will sustain by your departure."

"Can I see her before I leave?"

"Certainly not." And the old lady opened the library door with a gesture that taken with her white set face, was not encouraging to me.

I went down to the office of the *Eagle*, and without hesitation related the circumstances to Mr. O'Brien.

"Bedad, it's an ugly business," said that gentleman.

"She does," I answered, and was almost sorry for speaking so abruptly, the good fellow's face showed so much genuine sadness.

"Well, she's a sweet girl," he remarked after a pause. "Look here! where are you to leave?"

"To-morrow, if you will resume your old post."

"I'll do anything for you, my boy," said this thoroughly loyal-hearted Irishman, "anything for you—and Miss Kate," he added with a slight effort; "but I see nothing for you to except for you to run away with her."

"That won't do. I have deceived her mother already; I'll not take her daughter from her as a sneaking fashion no."

"Then let me think over it. I can always consider best with the gun under my arm; and I'm going out for a crack at the plovers now. In the evening I'll tell you my plans."

I spent the day packing up; and when that task was over, I walked through the little room, and down to my favorite lounge on the bridge, from which I could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brady's house. How sick and miserable I felt!

I returned, and wrote a letter to Kate. I did not know whether it would be delivered to her or not; but it was a relief to me to write it. Just as Mr. O'Brien made his appearance with a well-filled bag, I had in reply a short note from Kate. She was as miserable as I was. I would not forget her, would I? And she would so like to see me once more, if possible, before I went. If Mr. O'Brien spoke to mamma something might be done. I handed the note to O'Brien. He read it without a word.

"It is rather cruel of Miss Kate to make me an ambassador in this cause," he said; "but I'll stand to you."

And off he started for Mrs. Brady's house at once.

I walked down to the bridge again. It was the time of the November sunset; but I was in no mood to sentimentalise over landscape. I watched the river with half-closed, half-staring stare. I suddenly felt some one next to me. It was Kate.

"I would see you—before you—before you—you—"

"Dearest, I will write to you constantly, and I hope to have a home to offer you shortly. If your mother persists—"

"Why did you make such a silly promise to her?"

This was said with an air of melancholy quietness.

"Because I didn't know who you were."

We almost forgot for a while that we were to part. I walked with her to the gate of the house. Kate turned pale when we came in view of the modest mansion; and I was trembling all over. We halted on the steps of the entrance-porch. We could not, I believe, to save our lives have spoken a word at the moment. Both Kate's hands were in mine; and they seemed to cling and to linger there, as if they would never leave their resting place.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" called aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*.

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: Every New Subscriber for Next Year, (all of 1871), whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for October (beginning October 8th), November and December WITH-OUT CHARGE.

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novellet of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY;

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In This Post of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enrol themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all new subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive THIRTEEN papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or FIFTEEN MONTHS in all!

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50.	\$4.00
2 copies,	6.00
4 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of

THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00
Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**AND IT IS THUS TO THEIR INTEREST, AS WE HOPE IT IS TO THEIR KINDLY FEELING TO SPEAK A GOOD WORD FOR US TO THEIR FRIENDS.**

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "The Sisters." It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.
Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "The Sisters," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend. TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

ONE FOLD.

BY MARY SIDNEY CRANSTON.

And so the battle is nearly done,
And the shield will be laid away,
For the golden bronze of the evening sun
Blanks o'er the meadow gray.
'Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife;
The end, just a myrtle crown,
Two boughs of green, with a cross between,
Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear
With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady glow of your hand in mine
Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke, when your smile awoke,
And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the path at last
Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
One fold in heart and life,
And the old love still will last us through
To the journey's end, sweet wife.
And reaching on, when this life is done,
It will live, and thrive, and grow,
With a deathless flame and a deeper name,
Than our mortal loves can know.

The wayside guides upon life's broad track,
How soft have we read through tears!
We've traced the lesson with whitened lips,
When we could not pray for fears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
But all are green at last,
We hold them children, in our hearts,
And keep them close and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to His whose love
Can never be blind or wrong!
While we turn back, look o'er the track,
And a wave of greeting send,
The path lies wide, and the way beside,
But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days or years,
We journey on the way,
And in the West an amber light
Proclaims a dying day.
And what, though life is out, sweet wife,
And its signal fire burns low?
For a glory white, against the night,
Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Fat and Thin People.

(The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Dio Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published.)

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortably fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankees are a gaunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortably fat people—waddling wheezy, anti-go-up-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, panting, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, "obesity," and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I a sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the streets, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump myself down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?"

"Have your husband a horse?" [I already knew he had several.]

"Oh, yes; why you know he keeps a stable."

"Do they ever get fat?"

"Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps fast horses. I hear about nothing else the year round, but '240, 231,' and that 'they are too fat,' and that 'they are out of condition,' and all the rest of it; you know the phrase."

"When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?"

"Oh, yes; very easily."

"How does he do it?"

"Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise."

"Madam, all I have to say is, 'Go thou and do likewise!'"

"What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten wouldn't keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time."

"Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition."

"Well, how little should I eat?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much."

"To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful."

"But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks."

"If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person under fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year."

"Doctor, what do you think of Banting's system?"

"I think, first thing, if people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although sure to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We cannot use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will show itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show, when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going well; and besides, this expedient, which Banting advises, of living on meat is entirely unnecessary. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply reduce the quantity."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person when too fat will only experience a sense of lassitude and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed."

"For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh, to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, cutting short the two great conditions of health, viz., respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is inimical to longevity."

"Another word or two about drink. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body is water, (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds) you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than it needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health."

"Madam, before you leave, I want to say one other thing; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fatens. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old look comes from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overhears, she says:

"Doctor, what can be done for these dry drabs? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty, (which she desires me to understand is her age) here I am looking like an old grandmother. Can anything be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and those scrawny collar-bones?"

"Well, this is curious; a woman just the opposite condition has this moment left here. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time."

"I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton."

"Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about eleven, or half-past eleven."

"This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at eleven, or half-past eleven, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful person, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this fagged and old look. So go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and if possible, to take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed; sleep nine, if possible, ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as even your lover could wish you to be."

"My prescription for the fat lady was, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

"My prescription for you is, keep your eyes shut and your mouth open."

A Queer Freak of Conscience.

A gentleman recently had a valuable horse troubled with lameness. Wishing for some rum with which to bathe the leg, he stepped into a well-known grog-shop, not far from his stable, and called for some of the alcohol-liniment, stating the use he wished to make of it. The proprietor of the shop knew the great value of the horse, and the importance of its being supplied with a pure article; so he hesitated about filling the order. "Well, I declare," said he, "I declare, I do believe I haven't got any that is good enough!" Wasn't this a queer freak of conscience? He had plenty that would do for human stomachs, but none quite good enough for a horse's leg!"

LOVE UP A TRELLIS.

There was a nest in the apple tree,
A most delightful and cozy nook;
And one afternoon, about half-past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book;
Her fair head bare with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showing one dainty

boot;

And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,

"Won't you come up and sit here, now?"

And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,

Saw, and determined to raise a row;

So he crept softly under the tree,

Listening to all they had to say,

Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,

Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,

Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"

And she called him the greatest scamp in town,

Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,

For her lips half smiled, though her eyes half cried,

As she saw the position of matters now,

And he came over and sat by her side,

Leaving his place on the opposite branch.

What could they do? They were captives there,

Hold as if by an iron band;

Kitty tossed back her golden hair,

And reflectively leaned her head on her hand.

"If," said he, "we help should call,

They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,

So we'd best stay here till the shadows fall.

Or till some one or other comes in sight."

And some one did come; it was Kitty's papa,

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beach tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows fitting
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matters in your musing,
Lady fair!

Oh, the charm that is in your face is
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embrace!
Monarch's guardian were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Ballad still, but still purring,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their lady banner,
Venus' form and Diana's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair!

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindless lightens,
While the cheek's rich color brightens,
What would I not dare?

To improve their sacral splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud hearts to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the loves that thou hast broken
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they beoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only then since I have seen thee:
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

How I Went to Edit the
"CASTLETOWN EAGLE."

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted an experienced editor of Liberal views to conduct a journal in the provinces."

Such was the announcement that struck my eyes as I glanced on the front page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and thought this post would just suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with the reviews and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I don't if the place will suit you; the salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no farther when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are, from your agency in the matter?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The *Castletown Eagle*—the name rather tickled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the desk of the *Eagle* was offered.

"You can write," I said, as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like; but, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better simply state that you believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after this I had taken my seat in the "Wild Irishman" train, from Euston terminus, bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boisterous delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distressed state with their luggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a sulky and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they had put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shovelled far back under a seat, when the surly porter condescended to search for it. One of the ladies while directing the man had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and to wrap her in the shawl; "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage."

"I am glad of that, for my companions' sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill—there is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour?"

"Oh, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be as interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful dawn it was, flashing over the far edge of the green waves—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I ought rather to say I had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me, and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland.

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman."

"Indeed! it will a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How odd it would turn out if she were a widow and you were to marry her! There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland, Irish ladies, I understand."

A little nod of the head, half apathetic and half connoisseur, warned me off the blunder I was about to make.

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologize for the tone in which I had spoken. She took my explanation in the best good-humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I can at this moment call to mind the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea, the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance, the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, and sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and seeming to dissolve in it to the size of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay draws nigh, and one by one the passengers appear.

"I think I had better say good-bye to you now."

And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I understood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Staunton, Mountjoy-square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

CHAPTER II.

Late the next night I arrived at the Castletown Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on a stage-coach. My first impressions of Castletown were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Boswell told him—"Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a garrulous waiter, I found my way to a river which promised capital angling. On returning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the *Castletown Eagle*, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and influence.

"Have I an *Aigle*, is it? Be ger I have, bad luck to thin for *Aigles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork, thin!" replied the fellow, with that sort of indescribable grin which comes over an Irishman's face when he is enjoying the forte of a joke; "they calls the *Aigle* the *Gosse*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited association up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repast, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentleman whom I had to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take in me cawrd." I heard a deep voice growl from the hall outside the coffee-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, *Castletown Eagle*.

I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the *Eagle*; and as the door opened, a very tall, powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sporting costume, and with a brace of red setters at his heel, stood before me.

"How dy'e do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien, heartily, and with an honest ring in his voice that took my fancy at once. "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The *Eagle*, I learned, was the sole property of Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid Mr. O'Brien called them "leaders") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who "did" the petty sessions, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticism as arose out of the occasional visit of a travelling theatrical company, or a concert of Castletown amateurs.

"Mr. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but little of her. We're both to the bone to-day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was, that he was a clever, idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mr. Brady resided outside the town, which contained, I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn running down to the river. As we were walking up to the house, Mr. O'Brien (who wore a string of artificial flies round his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four-pound trout on the grass quite close to me.

Mrs. Brady was picking some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Staunton. I trust we can make your stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke without a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast, Mr. O'Brien intimated that a boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and "my rod too," the ex-editor continued. "I thought you wouldn't mind me making a few casts in the garden; this half-spoofingly to Mrs. Brady."

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, Mr. Staunton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"I think I may tell you, Mr. Staunton,

although the whence is rather of a private nature; I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is at present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, who, when, in a business way, I have no particular fault to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his 'Poet's Corner.' When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and so good-humoredly, that we remain, as you perceive, on the friendliest

terms. Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the *Eagle*?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think it is rather glad than otherwise at being relieved from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Staunton, there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school grace.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could not prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would soon be rid of Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the *Eagle* into hand. Our politics were rather parochial than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to warn Prussia, or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Asia. Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develop the mining resources of Castletown, had to be looked after; so had Mr. Dierell, and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed an "Ouvrier." By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget some at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. The banquet was given in connection with an agricultural society, which had been started by a new English proprietor. Mr. O'Brien sat next to me during the banquet, which was of the most substantial description. He seemed most anxious that the dignity of the press should be duly asserted, although his mode of expressing his sentiments on the matter did not appear to me to be of the most impressive kind. [For instance—as it happened more than once—if we required anything, Mr. O'Brien announced his wants in this fashion: "Waiter, a fork for the press! Potatoes for the press, waiter! Waiter, salt for the press!" and so on.]

There was a stout farmer opposite to me, whose performances on the beef and mutton were simply wonderful. This gentleman appeared, however, indefinitely perplexed and disturbed by the innes of a German band, which was hired to play in the progress of the festival. If he had an ear for music I don't wonder at it, for I seldom heard anything more villainous; but I think his dislike arose from a less fanciful cause. He was, at the eighth repetition of a waltz, driven beyond endurance, and roared out "Stop!" in commanding a tone, that every one looked round. There was a dead silence for a moment, and the hideous orchestra was struck dumb; a shout of laughter from the company, however, sent it on again in full swing. Some ladies came in to look at us and hear the speeches; when I took a note of their dowdiness, I was more than ever tickled at the idea of being warned against the fascinations of a Castletown belle.

It was a fortnight after this (the winter was fast coming on and the river was loaded with brown leaves) that I spent an evening with Mrs. Brady; and, on the arrival of the post, she told me her daughter was returning the next day. "I have a bad cold, and perhaps you would meet Kate at the post-office for me," she said. Of course I assented, and accordingly found myself in due time waiting outside the inn at which the ramshackle "Lightning" was expected. I was early, and spent the spare minutes smoking and speculating with some interest on the kind of girl she might be with whom I was not to fall in love on any account. In a quarter of an hour I heard the old-fashioned guard's horn, and a minute afterwards I was opening the door for a young lady whose face and head were so enveloped in a warm cloak that I could not distinguish her features. I simply introduced myself by saying, "Miss Brady!" and, receiving a nod in reply, I handed my charge out, and then got her boxes off the roof. When this was done I turned round, and saw standing next to me my fair companion of the Holyhead steamboat. She was laughing heartily, and putting out her hand said,

"I hope the 'old woman' and you are getting on well, Mr. Staunton. You see I waited all this while to surprise you."

I scarce knew what to say. The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Instead of pointing to one of her own boxes to direct me to an address, she had shown me a trunk which did not belong to her at all.

"And then you know, when you told me you were going to do, I knew all about it, and wanted to have some fun with you when I came home."

Upon reaching the house, I was still confused, and felt an odd feeling of regret and pleasure. Mrs. Brady kissed her daughter affectionately, and I took my leave. I passed over the little bridge leading into the town on the way to my lodgings. Without being much of a poet or a mooser, I have a constant hankering after scenery. I could not help lingering on the bridge of planks to look at the shining stream passing off into the dark under a curve of low hills, and I began to regret my promise to Mrs. Brady.

CHAPTER IV.

I hung up at the commencement of this chapter an announcement similar to the proclamations made concerning the unities of melo-drama as to the flight of time. It was now November. Mrs. Brady was good enough to express the greatest satisfaction with my management of her *Eagle*; and, in truth,

that bird was soaring high in the estimation of the subscribers, who had begun to increase in numbers. I had gone into whatever society there was in the place, but had dropped it on the shortest trial. I still kept Mr. O'Brien with me. I did so, because, as I did not seriously contemplate living for any length of time in Castletown, it would be well that Mr. O'Brien should be prepared to take up the running, as, as far as I could see, time had removed the objection which Mrs. Brady had to him. I was hourly fond of rifle-shooting, and, with O'Brien's aid and companionship, I managed to pass.

There is no use in boasting about the buck in this manner; I fell ignorantly over head and ears in love with Kate Brady. I have a suspicion that O'Brien knew my secret, and felt a grim satisfaction at my suffering. I think he was waiting with a pensive grin for the time when I should also break out in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Eagle*. But I remembered my resolutions and pledge, and the rather invidious way in which it was drawn from me. Meanwhile Kate and I became the best of friends. I was accustomed, when the paper was out, to spend the next day on the moor, and in the evening went to Mrs. Brady, who was always pleased to see me happy.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school grace.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

so terrible a thing was better left in silence. The many days were filled away, out on the rocks over the rise and fall, or sitting on the dry grass, or getting up an impromptu riding party on the shaggy ponies. It was at this time that my brother and I received an invitation to join the party, and the prospect seemed so unusually fresh and charming that we accepted it with delight. The joy was long, and the railway only took us to a point thirty-eight miles distant from our destination, so that we were thoroughly tired as we stepped from the Irish car, with its tandem horses, on to the quay before which the boat waited to carry us to the island.

How pleasant that life was! so wild and free—as suited so perfectly to the simple existence of those good people who go for a tame trip each autumn to Filar, Burroughmouth, or Torquay. No one did anything that they had ever done before. Early risers lay in bed until eleven o'clock, while those who never could get up anywhere else awoke by coming in glowing and fresh to the breakfast table.

It was announced one morning that there was to be a regatta-meeting meeting, or a party all alone, or a "something" which would occupy the abodes for two nights of all the gentlemen. We ladies decided we had no time to finish, letters to write, and cards to be accompaniment, which would make their being away the most convenient thing possible; and we laughed a little at our cousins, as we drew down the blinds, and lit a fire that first night—that fire being certainly more for society than warmth.

Woman-like, we talked and talked, and it was very late when the bedroom candles were lighted and the drawing-room deserted. My room was the one in which Duncan MacKay had died. It was a little back chamber, and my husband had assigned it to me with many apologies. "It is so small," my dear; you don't mind that? And of course you won't be afraid? The poor people say it is haunted. It was here that that poor fellow died. You know all about it? If you are afraid, you shall share Eliou's." But I was not afraid, and so the haunted room I had hitherto slept quietly and comfortably.

At this time I had the very bad habit of reading novels in my bed-room. This night my novel was unusually interesting, and with my dressing-gown round my shoulder, my fingers lazily unbrushing out my hair, my eyes following line after line of the book, I sat until long past midnight, my thoughts wrapped up in my story, when I was startled by a noise. A noise certainly, but a most indescribable one. Apparently coming from nowhere, it sighed and moaned through the room and died away. I started up. Was I dreaming? All was quiet. "Bob! I was half-asleep: it was fancy, and I must go to bed." I could my hair round my head, pulled off my dressing-gown, and began to wind my watch. But I nearly let it fall to the ground. Again, quivering faintly, but most really, came the ghostly sound. I looked at my face in the glass: it was strangely white.

"This will never do. I'm actually shaking with fear. It is only some man taking advantage of our defenceless womanhood to frighten us."

This suppition was bad enough, but I thought it a blessed alternative to that other hideous idea which came rubbing into my mind.

"Poor Duncan MacKay—rubbish!"—and stepping across the landing to the top of the stairs, I called Leo the big Newfoundland, to see what he would think of this odd sound. He came lumbering up, and followed me into my room. But the rug before the dressing-table seemed to possess great attractions for him, and on it he called himself comfortably to resume the nap my summons had interrupted. Leo's indifference made me yet more uneasy. Again and again the weird sighing sound came vibrating through the room.

I tried the servants this time, and called up two of them. They came wondering what I could possibly want at that hour. "What is it?" I purposely spun out my answer, for I wanted to see if they would hear the sound; if it was audible to other ears than mine; or if I alone was selected to be called and made dumb by the hideousness. I had gone very far, you see; very far from clear calm sense; I was scared very deeply: I seemed to have realized a lifetime of thought in that half-hour.

I stood there, with my white face, replying and talking very much at random to the two maids, longing for the sound to come once more. I had not long to wait. I saw them start, and stare, and hold their breath; then down in a heap they fell, with a cry of "The Banshee, the Banshee! oh woe, woe, Miss Neddy, it is the tall policeman's spirit!" It is for death!"

The noise they made in some measure recalled my common sense; but it was in vain I tried to pacify them. "Oh miss, call the mistress!" said Norah sobbing loudly.

"G, Norah, certainly, and call her," I said; but Norah had no intention of venturing one step by herself. Nor was it necessary to call any one, for the small shrieks of the servants had effectively roused the household, and six ladies in very hasty toilettes crowded into my little room.

Of course everybody talked; everybody asked what it was, where it was, why it was; and quite drowned the faint vibrating sound that had so alarmed me: quite drowned it, it sounded at just then, when we afterwards had reason to doubt.

"Be quiet," I implored, turning first to the maids and the fat housekeeper, who had joined us, and was adding vigorously to the chab. "Be quiet, and you will know as much as I do, though that certainly is but little."

Quiet they all were, standing in puzzled expectation—the two maids still crouched on the floor. The fat keeper and the nurse stood just outside the door, their eyes starting from their sockets with fright; frightened as they didn't exactly know. Mrs. Cranston, however, in a huge scarlet and white coat, looked doubtfully at me. Rose and Jessie Ross, two English girls, who had never had former experience of "ghosts" or "hauntings," stood clinging to each other, their hair so fashionably "fancy" by day, screwed up in a complicated machinery of wire and ribbon. They also looked doubtfully at me. Lucy Katherine Kinnaird looked incompletely at all. A stro g-minded woman was her Lucy, with a very satisfactory opinion of her own mental powers. The Lucy was seated by Mrs. and Mr. Foster, sister and niece of our master. The former lady kept squeezing her hands together, and repeating hurriedly and innocently, "I wish James was here, Eliza; I wish your papa was here."

It is said the audience verged on the ludicrous—I don't think we looked exactly

sublime, yet my feelings had been very grave as I entered deep; but as I looked round on the different portions, the varied countenances, to say nothing of the costume of our nocturnal gathering, the absurdity of the whole so tickled my fancy that I flung myself into a chair in uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"I thought so," said Jessie Ross, triumphantly. "It is only a trick of little's."

"And it exclusively had taste," wrote in Lucy Katherine's cigar, measured tones. "Had we not better return to our rooms?" Mrs. Cranston, I will bid you good-night."

This was certainly contrary to my intentions. To be left alone again with that mocking humor! My laughter was still quivered, I implored, I assured, I excused. "Only stop, and wait, and be quiet; and instead I will not laugh." Wait and listen; and pausing an arm-chair forward for Lucy Katherine, and getting a heap of cloaks for the benefit of the others, I led them once more into quiet expectation. We waited and waited, my unruly laughter came up in my throat, and my mouth twitched with my efforts at self-control, when soft and vibrating and long drawn came the moaning, sighing sound that had before chilled me into terror.

Excitements, suggestions burst from every lip; but, as usual, Lucy Katherine's voice, in its low, measured tones, caught attention.

"There was—came from underneath. What underneath this room?"

She looked at Mrs. Cranston, but got no answer. Mrs. Cranston was trembling under her heavy shawl, and her hand grasped mine tightly. It was the housekeeper who responded.

"The room under this is empty, my lady: it was a barge-house in the Ferguson's time, and has a door to its own self."

"Then we must search the barge-house; somebody must be there; some one has concocted a vile scheme to terrify us. They must be discovered and brought to justice—if there is such a thing as justice in this landish place!" added her ladyship, sotto voce.

It was easy to say a search must be made, but who would make it? I said I would go if some one would accompany me. I wanted to unravel the riddle, I felt it to be the cause of that hideous moan. Earthly or unearthly, I must find it: know it to be one or the other. To my surprise Jessie Ross said she would go with me. I asked one of the more sensible of the maids to come too—but at the mere suggestion she fled screaming down the passage to the nursery, and locked her self in with the still sleeping children. Jessie and I prepared for our tour of investigation. I took a pistol; Jessie declared she couldn't use fire-arms. "Something to hit with, would be better—a kind of club." After a little search she lighted upon a telescope; a huge telescope drawn out to its fullest extent, which she pronounced the very thing. Certainly, it was by no means a weapon to be lightly encountered.

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"Well," responded the gruffer Norah, "it looked to my mind as if ye were frightened as much as the rest. But Maria," and her voice grew low, "it might have been ducks, and it mibbe was ducks; but I'll not stay here. Next time it will be poor Sergeant Duncan's ghost in real earnest; and I'm not the so'ger you be. Was the seven-sister clane gone out of me when I hired in this woeful house? Maria, be wise, ye girl, and come away too!"

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Froch on the Blote."

A very good story is told of our German friend, Adam Bepier, who keeps a tavern in Allendale. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor (as he seldom is), a stranger presented himself about bedtime, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather peevish-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be your one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bepier, "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night mit dat kind, but dat won't help me run dis house."

"Well," said the stranger, after a pause, "have you got any rats here?"

"Yes," replied Adam, "you'd better believe we have. Way, the place is lousy mit dem."

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to morrow."

"Done," said Bepier, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norway rats that infested his premises.

So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy-looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepier took occasion in a very gentle manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.

"What! Kill your rats! Certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"

"Day are putt' dick in de barnyard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of hoop-iron?"

A piece about fifteen feet long was brought to the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, at length, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepier and quite a party of laborers, who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there, the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door, and raised his weapon.

"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats!"

How this scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepier began to smell one pretty strongly at this juncture, and became very angry. One thing is certain, and that is that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in other quarters.

Having a Perfect Understanding.

An English lady, residing at Coblenz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or kecking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head.

"It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat, pot."

"Iah understand rist," said the maid, in her Coblenz patois.

"It's a ting to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner, deerer, with sauce, souce, knowse. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady, in despair—but still made another attempt; "It's a little creature—a bird—a hard—a beast—a hen—a house—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers-feeders!"

"Ha, ha!" cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "ja, ja! fodders—ja woh!" and away went Gretel, and in half-an-hour returned, triumphantly, with a bundle of stationery's fathers-feeders!

"Artemus Ward" as a Lucid Conversationalist.

In the "Genial Showman," the last biography of "Artemus Ward," is given a serio-comic conversation, in which "Artemus" passed a female teacher in steamboat cabin. We quote:

"Pardon me, madam, but do you think that glorious sunlight in Greece is constitutional—that is to say, if early be the dream of youth—wherever they are—so—and you know, I presume, that George Washington, when young, never told a lie—that is Greece—in the blue skies, I mean. You understand me of course?"

"Do I understand you to say that George Washington went to Greece in his early youth?" she asked. "I scarcely think that I perfectly understand you."

"I was about to remark," said he, "that so far as Greece was concerned he was more so."

"More so of what?" replied the lady, still more perplexed.

"More so with regard to it viewed morally. Because the Egypian is a sea—a bluesea, which might, if not under those circumstances—very truthfully though; but before breakfast—always before morning meal. You agree with me, I hope?" And Artemus smiled, and bowed politely.

ANXIETY OF THE ROAD.—A lawyer riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep right straight on for some time, and then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "Oh, yes," said she, "we passed it two or three miles back—but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

CURE FOR THE BLUES.—A bachelor in New York city had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a druggist. Translated, the prescription read, "Seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it." Having paid for his prescription, the fellow thought he must obey, and proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.



PROFITABLE CONUNDRUM.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (to papa, who is sending off his Beloved Belongings to the sea-side.) "Look here, 'pa.' (Holding up a five-cent piece.)

PATERFAMILIAS.—"What now?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"What cobbler's implement does this represent, 'pa'?"

PATERFAMILIAS (impatiently.) "Asking riddles now?" (Perceiving, and forking out.) "Oh, that's your oil, is it? There! Now will you please to be off!"

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: I went to a chemist the other day for some morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man that would kill himself?" Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to get rid of myself."

LAST WORDS.

Fold me in thine arms, my dearest;
Fold me closely to thy breast;
Let thy heart to mine be nearest
When I take my last earth's rest.

Let thy kisses linger longest,
And thy hand clasp closest mine;
Remembering that my deepest, strongest
Heart's love, dear, was ever thine.

Let me die, mine eyes bestowing
Their last ling'ring gaze on thee;
So I leave thee, dearest, knowing
Our love will reach eternity.

The Honey-Moon.

Few will admit that they need any advice in the honey-moon; fewer still will take it. Most young persons think, "Well, it is hard if we may not be left to ourselves at such a season!" And yet, perhaps, if we took the experience of the many on this subject, they would admit that the honey-moon has been the time of all others when they have been least able to help themselves.

Is it too much to say that during those two months the happiness or misery of two young lives is very nearly settled? Well, perhaps that is too much to say, for errors and misconceptions may be lived down, and habits may be formed or broken after the honey-moon, in the course of years. But still much is often decided, we will not say in the first few months, but even in the first few days. Little things are decided in little ways, and neither understands that it is the little rift within the lover's lute" that has begun to show even on the first day.

Patience, patience on both sides are needed—but especially on the man's side, for he is the stronger vessel, and knows life. At the bottom of her heart his young wife wants to please him; but he cannot bear him out of her sight—he must account for every moment. His ways are incomprehensible. Why does he want to go out for ten minutes after dinner for a stroll? Why does he prefer spending an hour or two downstairs with an old friend at night to going up into the drawing-room? Why does he want to see the papers at the club, instead of going out after a hard day in the city for a little afternoon shopping? Man is a mystery to many a young girl for the first few months after marriage. She has not learned that man's interests are and must be various. How should she suppose that a husband had any other desires than to make money and dance attendance upon his wife? She has never cared for anything but love and bonhomie. She cannot understand that dress, and even matrimony, are only episodes in a man's life, although they compose the sum total of many a woman's.

We hear a good deal about incompatibility of temper—we believe very little in it. The sexes are almost indefinitely plastic. People quarrel more from errors of judgment than from any other cause. You can live with anybody if you understand him, and you can manage anybody if you know him, providing you mean well, have a decent heart, and are willing to be patient and to make some sacrifices for love.

Newly married women are, no doubt, very trying sometimes to their husbands; but it is the fault more of their social training and the want of education than anything else. Men should remember how much a girl has to learn, and how much, also! most men have to unlearn, when they first begin the married life. We venture to say that if all newly married couples were to make a compact not to quarrel for six months, they would seldom have any serious quarrels in after-life.

You can get into the habit of living peacefully and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long postings; let there be no long, careless, indifferent fits. When a girl sulks, takes offense, throw that nasty cigar away! now, Sir, go up and kiss her; if she still sulks, kiss her again—she won't be able to hold out long against that mode of attack, and five minutes after she will let you have your smoke, or go down to the club, or anything else.

If little storms arise—and they will arise

—let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who napped last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous, and it is silly. But if there is a difference, let Annabel and Ralph both speak their minds; and let Annabel have a good cry, if that is her method of winding up, and then a good hug; and let Ralph see that he is all made up before dinner, or before bed-time, or we cannot be responsible for consequences.

TALKING TOO LITTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Solomon said some rather bitter things about the tongue, and in one sense it is doubtless true that there is by far too much talking in the world. But in another there is not half enough. It depends upon what meaning your own private dictionary attaches to the word. Many a man never talks with his wife or his child. Many a woman is dumb as far as her husband and sons are concerned. I wonder if it occurs to you at this moment, my dear Mr. Sterne, that you never talked with Mrs. S.—in your life?—You have talked to her, perhaps. You have told her when she did not please you; you have found fault with the bread and the butter and the coffee; your words have been ready enough when the bill came in; and when you happened to feel in good humor you have, it is quite probable, given her an item of news now and then, or told her how much you hoped to get for the roan colt. But you have never given her an hour of good, fresh, breezy talk, such as would refresh and stimulate her, since she became your wife more than twenty years ago. You know nothing of her thoughts; she knows nothing of yours. You are as utterly strangers as if she dwelt upon one continent and you upon another.

It is just as much her fault as yours, you say? Perhaps it is. But you did not begin right. You never treated your wife as your equal intellectually. You never made her your friend; you never went to her with your thoughts, your hopes, your plans, your ambitions. You petted her over to excess when you were first married, surfeiting both yourself and her with comfort. Then when the sweets cloyed, as they inevitably will if taken unmixed, you slowly drew away from her. You went your way and she went hers.

You have never talked as friend to friend, unveiling heart and soul in the unreserved communion of congenial spirits—a communion that is the dearest joy that earth can give.

There is a great mistake somewhere. Husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters are too silent towards each other. They do not take sufficient pains to become acquainted.

It is by no means follows that because people dwell under the same roof and sit in the same pew at church, they know each other. Often they are the veriest strangers. In their daily intercourse they never get below the surface. Their conversation with each other is of the mere trifles of the outward life. They see the husks, but have no conception of the kernel within that God has made so rich and sweet.

Perseverance.

Many years ago we enjoyed a hearing of the great tragedian, Macready, in Richelieu, and can never forget the powerful impression then made on our youthful mind by the response of the Cardinal to the suggestion of Francis: "But if I fail?"

We never hear this word without recurring to the reply: "Fail!

In the lexicon of youth, which Fais reserves to a bright manhood.

There is no such word as Fail."

The query of Francis: "But if I fail?" is the key to most of the disappointments we daily see attending the efforts of men. It is the evil soil of timidity or indecision. To resolve is to half miss; to hesitate is to lose the battle. So, in every transaction in life, irresolution destroys many well-arranged plots.

There is much in our present surroundings to discourage our young men, but in aiding to develop the magnificent resources of this great country, a field of labor presents itself worthy of their noblest efforts.

Then say, with some definite purpose, cast aside all fear, all doubt, and perseveringly keep right on until the end is obtained.—*Old Dominion.*

EDWARD NEAR BARFIELD POINT, ARKANSAS, excavations have been recently made into an India mound about twenty-five feet high, and about an acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of human skeletons eight and ten feet in height. Surely there were giants in those days!—long gone by.

AGRICULTURAL.

On Breeding from Sound and Unsound Animals.

Recently I have noticed several articles relating to the raising of sound and unsound horses. If there is one thing more than any other that farmers should be better informed about, it is this very subject. Soundness, it appears to me, should be the quality first and most thought of, when we attempt to raise a horse, but is it not the last thing thought of by nine-tenths of those who raise colts and horses? Look about and see what a mass of unsound horses you will find. I have recently conversed with a goodly number of blacksmiths who shoe many horses, and I believe that not more than one horse in ten that they shoe is completely sound. Now what is the cause of all this unsoundness? It is mostly constitutional, transmitted like any other quality. It is well known to every careful observer that ringbones in all its various forms, most all diseases of the foot, including founder, bone-spavin, hæmorrhage, thick wind and many other diseases that might be named, are hereditary. Many persons do not consider that a bad quality is as sure to be transmitted as a good one. It is also true that a stallion will transmit the qualities of his dam quite as often as he will the qualities of his sire. A stallion may look to be sound and smooth, but if he was from a mare possessing any of the diseases above mentioned, it will surely break out in his offspring. What a risk then is it to breed from horses about whose pedigree nothing whatever is known! How many, when about to raise a colt, ever inform themselves about the pedigree of the parents of their future horses, whether it be sound or unsound, provided the services of some runabout stallion can be had for a few dollars, or a colt can be raised from a mare that is worthless for business. Is that the way we do when we plant and sow our fields? Do we use seed of such inferior quality, and so full of weeds that it is nearly worthless for anything else, or is it better economy to use the best and soundest?—W. B. F., in *Maine Farmer.*

Preservation of Sweet-Potatoes.

It is very desirable to have the sweet-potato crop mature as early in the fall as possible, as they are better and more apt to keep well. To fit them for preservation they must be lifted before the weather indicates a degree of cold sufficient to freeze the ground, or in this latitude, before the 15th of October. Those intended for winter storage should be gathered before any frost kills the vines, or about the last of September or first of October, put up in barrels or shallow boxes, and placed in a dry, warm situation. When placed in barrels in the open field, and carefully handled, they will be more readily preserved during winter, other circumstances being favorable—slight bruising from rough carriage proving injurious to them if designed for winter use. When large quantities are reserved for spring sales, houses are erected expressly for their protection. These are generally two stories high, built of wood, and so arranged that the potatoes may be stored therein in boxes about two feet deep, placed in tiers, with space of a few inches between for ventilation, and extending from side to side of the house to within a foot of the weather-boarding. The boxes are framed together at the ends with keys, to be taken apart when not in use. The source of heat is a fire in the cellar, from which the warmth is caused to circulate equally and freely throughout the building. Thus arranged and carefully tended, maintaining a nearly uniform moderate heat, sweet-potatoes may be preserved until late in the following spring. No chaff, shavings or other material is needed; careful packing and handling and uniform moderate heat are kept in an even temperature and not too low—say from 55 to 65 degrees—being the only requirements for the attainment of perfect success in the preservation, for the entire season, of this admirable root.—*Mark Lane Express.*

Influence of Climate on Wool Growth.

The climate exerts a great influence on the growth of wool, and if it has to be produced of good and even quality, this agency must be considered. It has been already mentioned that the pores of the skin act as a sort of gauge for the wool, and it is therefore perfectly clear that if sheep are so much exposed to cold and wet to allow the skin to become chilled, the size of the wool must be reduced thereby; the extent of the damage is, consequently, regulated by the intensity of the cold.

For this reason, shelter from the full force of the cold winds is found to improve the staple of the wool, and prevent, in some degree, this inequality in the size of the fiber. Injury arising from the wet shows itself more generally by giving the wool more the character of hair, and thereby injuring its felting properties. The excessive heat of summer has just the opposite influence.

The warmth of the skin being considerably increased, the pores become more open, and a coarser wool is produced. The injury thus occasioned is far from being as important as that arising from cold and wet; but still, if we desire to produce wool under the most favorable circumstances, we must give shelter from extreme heat as well as from excessive cold.—*Mark Lane Express.*

Gentle Utterance.

When a boy of fourteen, following a plough, drawn by oxen, our father said the first day of work, "Let us see who can talk the lowest to Buck and Bright; it isn't the sound that makes the team go, but the understanding that springs up between driver and team." This thing was new to our ears. We had always heard the "Wo-haw, Buck," or the "Wo-haw, Bright" given in tones of bawling only, and had grown to the belief that bawling was the only way of driving. But a little experience in the low keys showed that an ox, as dumb and slow as some call him, had not only a show of intellect, but also of the proprieties of his position.

Buck and Bright answer as well to a few words quietly spoken as to the many vociferated.

To CURE A BAULKY HORSE.

A Maine man gives his method of treating balky horses, as follows: "Let me inform the human man and hostler, and all those who hold the rein, that the way to cure balky horses is to take them from the carriage and to whip them round rapidly till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One does will often cure him; two does not final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."—*Ewart New Yorker.*

RECI